The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR

Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Neil was intensely angry, and his dark eyes glowed beneath their dropped lids with a passionate hate. But he left his father with an assumed coldness and calmness.

The sarcastic advice annoyed him, and he wanted time to fully consider his ways. He was no physical coward; he was a fine swordsman, and he felt that it would be a real joy to stand with a drawn rapier between himself and his rival. But what if revenge cost him too much? What if he slew Hyde, and had to leave his love and his home, and his fine business prospects? To win Katherine, and to marry her, in the face of the man whom he felt that he detested; would not that be the best of all "satisfactions?"

He walked about the streets, discussing these points with himself, till the shops all closed, and on the stoops of the houses in Maiden Lane and Liberty street there were merry parties of gossiping belles and beaux. Then he returned to Broadway.

Still debating with himself, he came to a narrow road which ran to the river, along the southern side of Van Heemskirk's house. Coming swiftly up it, as if to detain him, was Capt. Hyde. The two men looked at each other defiantly; and Neil said with a cold, meaning emphasis:

"At your service, sir."

"Mr. Semple, at your service,"—and touching his sword,—"to the very hilt, sir."

"Sir, yours to the same extremity."

"As for the cause, Mr. Semple, here it is;" and he pushed aside his embroidered coat in order to exhibit to Neil the bow of orange ribbon beneath it.

"I will dye it crimson in your blood," said Neil passionately.

"In the meantime, I have the felicity of wearing it;" and with an offensively deep salute, he terminated the interview.

CHAPTER VI.

At the Sword's Point.

Neil's first emotion was not so much one of anger as of exultation. "I shall have him at my sword's point," he kept saying to himself as he turned from Hyde to Van Heemskirk's house.

Katherine sat upon the steps of the stoop. Touching her, to arouse her attention, Neil said, "Come with me down the garden, my love."

She looked at him wonderingly, but rose at his request and gave him her hand.

Then the tender thoughts which had lain so deep in his heart flew to his lips, and he woo'd her with a fervor and nobility as astonising to himself as to Katherine. He reminded her of all the sweet intercourse of their happy lives, and of the fidelity with which he had loved her. "Oh, my Katherine, my sweet Katherine! Who is there that can take you from me?"

"No one will I marry. With my father and my mother I will stay."

"Yes, till you learn to love me as I love you, with the whole soul. You are to be my wife, Katherine?"

"That I have not said."

"Katherine, is it true that Capt. Hyde is wearing a bow of your orange ribbon?"

"Yes. A bow of my St. Nicholas ribbon I gave him."

"Why?"

"Me he loves, and him I love."

"You have more St. Nicholas ribbons? Go and get me one. Get a bow, Katherine, and give it to me. I will wait here for it."

"No, that I will not do. How false, how wicked I would be, if two lovers my colors wore!"

"Well, then, I will cut my bow from Hyde's breast. I will, though I cut his heart out with it."

He turned from her as he said the words, and, without speaking to Joris, passed through the garden gate to his own home.

In the calm of his own chamber, through the silent, solemn hours, when the world was shut out of his life, Neil reviewed his position, but he could find no honorable way out of the predicament. He was quite sensible that his first words to Capt. Hyde that night had been intended to provoke a quarrel, and he knew that he would be expected to redeem them by a formal defiance. However, as the idea became familiar, it became imperative; and at length it was with a fierce satisfaction he opened his desk and without hesitation wrote the decisive words:

"To Capt. Richard Hyde of His Majesty's Service:

"Sir—A person of the character I bear cannot allow the treachery and dishonorable conduct of which you have been guilty to pass without punishment. Convince me that you are more of a gentleman than I have reason to believe, by meeting me to-night as the sun drops in the wood on the Kalchhook Hill. Our seconds can locate the spot; and that you may have no pretense to delay, I send by bearer two swords, of which I give you the privilege to make choice.

"In the interim, at your service,

"Neil Semple."

He had already selected Adrian Beekman as his second, a young man of wealth and good family. Beekman accepted the duty with alacrity, and, indeed, so promptly carried out his principal's instructions, that he found Capt. Hyde still sleeping when he waited upon him. Hyde laughed lightly at "Mr. Semple's impatience of offense," and directed Mr. Beekman to Capt. Earle as his second; leaving the choice of swords and of the ground entirely to his direction.

Lightly as Hyde had taken the challenge, he was really more disinclined to fight than Neil was. In his heart he knew that Semple had a just cause or anger; "but then," he argued, "I would not resign the girl for my life, for I am sensible that life, if she is another's, will be a very tedious thing to me."

All day Neil was busy in making his will and in disposing of his affairs. Hyde felt equally the necessity for some definite arrangement of his business. He owed many debts of honor, and Cohen's bill was yet unsettled. He drank a cup of coffee, wrote several important letters, and then went to Fraunce's, and had a steak and a bottle of wine. During his meal his thoughts wandered between Katherine and the Jew Cohen. After it he went straight to Cohen's store.

It happened to be Saturday, and the shutters were closed, though the door was slightly open, and Cohen was sitting with his granddaughter in the cool shadows of the crowded place. Miriam retreated within the deeper shadows of some curtains of stamped Moorish leather, for she anticipated the immediate departure of the intruder.

She was therefore astonished when her grandfather, after listening to a few sentences, sat down, and entered into a lengthy conversation. When at last they rose, Hyde extended his hand. "Cohen," he said, "few men would have been as generous and, at this hour, as considerate as you. I have judged from tradition, and misjudged you. Whether we meet again or not, we part as friends."

"You have settled all things as a gentleman, captain. May my white hairs say a word to your heart this hour?" Hyde bowed; and he continued, in a voice of serious benignity: "The words of the Holy One are to be regarded, and not the words of men. Men call that 'honor' which He will call murder. What excuse is there in your lips if you go this night into his presence?

There was no excuse in Hyde's lips, even for his mortal interrogator. He merely bowed again, and slipped through the partially opened door into the busy street. Miriam returned to her place and asked plainly, "What murder is there to be, grandfather?"

"It is a duel between Capt. Hyde and another. It shall be called murder at the last."

"The other, who is he?"

"The young man, Semple. Oh, Miriam, what sin and sorrow thy sex ever bring to those who love it! There are two young lives to be put in death peril for the smile of a woman—a very girl she is."

"Do I know her, grandfather?"

"She passes here often. The daughter of Van Heemskirk—the little fair one, the child."

"Oh, but now I am twice sorry! She has smiled at me often. We have even spoken."

Cohen, with his hands on his staff, and his head in them, sat meditating, perhaps praying; and the hot, silent moments went slowly away. In them, Miriam was coming to a decision which at first alarmed her, but which, as it grew familiar, grew also lawful and kind. A word to Van Heemskirk or to the Elder Semple would be sufficient. Should she not say it?

Perhaps Cohen divined her purpose, and was not unfavorable to it, for he suddenly rose, and, putting on his cap, said, "I am going to see my kinsman John Cohen. At sunset, set wide the door; an hour after sunset I will return."

As soon as he had gone, Miriam wrote to Van Heemskirk these words: "Good Sir—This is a matter of life and death; so then, come at once, and I will tell you. Miriam Cohen."

It was not many minutes before Van Heemskirk's driver passed, leading his loaded wagon; and to him she gave the note.

That day Joris had gone home earlier than usual, and Bram only was in the store. He supposed the strip of paper to refer to a barrel of flour or some other household necessity.

Its actual message was so unusual and unlooked for, that it took him a moment or two to realize the words; then he answered the summons for his father promptly. Miriam proceeded at once to give him such information as she possessed. Bram stood gazing at the beautiful, earnest girl, and felt all the fear and force of her words; but for some moments he could not speak, nor decide on his first step.

"Why do you wait?" pleaded Miriam. "At sunset, I tell you. It is now near it. Oh, no thanks! Do not stop for them, but hasten away at once."

He obeyed like one in a dream. Semple was just leaving business. He put his hand on him, and said, "Elder, no time have you to lose. At sunset, Neil and that d—— English soldier a duel are to fight."

"Eh? Where? Who told you?"

"On the Kalchhook Hill. Stay not for talk."

"Run for your father, Bram. Run, my lad. God help me! God spare the lad!"

At that moment Neil and Hyde were on the fatal spot.

Neil flung off his coat and waistcoat and stood with bared breast on the spot his second indicated. Hyde removed his fine scarlet coat and handed it to Capt. Earle, and would then have taken his sword; but Beekman advanced to remove also his waistcoat. The suspicion implied by this act roused the soldier's indignation, and with his own hands he tore off the richly embroidered satin garment, and by so doing exposed what perhaps some delicate feeling had made him wish to conceal—a bow of orange ribbon which he wore above his heart.

The sight of it to Neil was like oil flung upon flame. He could scarcely restrain himself until the word "go" gave him license to charge Hyde.

Hyde was an excellent swordsman and had fought several duels; but he was quite disconcerted by the deadly reality of Neil's attack. In the second thrust his foot got entangled in a tuft of grass, and, in evading a lunge aimed at his heart, he fell on his right side. Supporting himself, however, on his sword hand, he sprang backwards with great dexterity, and thus escaped the probable death-blow. But, as he was bleeding from a wound in the throat, his second interfered and proposed a reconciliation. Neil angrily refused to listen. He declared "he had not come to enact a farce;" and then, happening to glance at the ribbon on Hyde's breast, he swore furiously "He would make his way through the body of any man who stood between him and his just anger."

Up to this point there had been in Hyde's mind a latent disinclination to slay Neil. After it, he flung away every kind of memory, and the fight was renewed with an almost brutal impetuosity, until there ensued one of those close locks which it was evident nothing but "the key of the body could open." In the frightful wrench which followed, the swords of both men sprang from their hands, flying some four or five yards upward with the force. Both recovered their weapons at the same time, and both, bleeding and exhausted, would have again renewed the fight; but at that moment Van Heemskirk and Semple, with their attendants, reached the spot.

Without hesitation, they threw themselves between the young men. But there was no need for words. Neil fell senseless upon his sword, making in his fall a last desperate effort to reach the ribbon on Hyde's breast; for Hyde had also dropped fainting to the ground, bleeding from at least half a dozen wounds. Then one of Semple's young men, who had probably divined the cause of quarrel, and who felt a sympathy for his young master, made as if he would pick up the fatal bit of orange satin, now dyed crimson in Hyde's blood.

But Joris pushed the rifling hand fiercely away. "To touch it would be the vilest theft," he said. "His own it is. With his life he has bought it."

CHAPTER VII.

At "The King's Arms."

The news of the duel spread with the proverbial rapidity of evil news. Batavius heard the story from many a lip as he went home. He was bitterly indignant at Katherine, and hot with haste and anger when he reached Van Heemskirk's house.

Madam stood with Joanna on the front stoop, looking anxiously down the road.

Just as Dinorah said, "The tea is served, madam," the large figure of Batavius loomed through the gathering grayness; and the women waited for him. He came up the steps without his usual greeting; and his face was so injured and portentous that Joanna, with a little cry, put her arms round his neck. He gently removed them.

"No time is this, Joanna, for embracing. A great disgrace has come to the family; and I, who have always stood up for morality, must bear it, too."

(To be continued.)

"BAIT" FOR WILD TURKEYS.

Hundreds of the Birds Have Fallen Before Gun of Expert.

Wild turkeys are still quite plentiful in some portions of North Carolina, as they also are in Arkansas, Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Southern Missouri, says the American Field, but just how long they will be plentiful in any of these states is a question, if the states possess a Gil McDuffie, as does North Carolina, who, it is said, only a short time since killed seven turkeys at one shot. It is claimed that McDuffie has killed 1,500 wild turkeys and 700 deer in his time, besides countless numbers of smaller game. The way he makes his war on turkeys is by "baiting." He finds where a flock of turkeys use and he lays a train of corn to a locality where he can arrange a good blind. The blind is made and corn is put out in good quantity for the turkeys not far away, he being careful to place the corn in such shape that when the turkeys feed upon it they will be well bunched. He then secretes himself in his blind and lies in wait for the turkeys. When they come and get bunched up over the quart or two of corn, he turns loose with a shotgun, and the slaughter is tremendous.

Fence of Elks' Horns.

A fence nearly 200 feet long at Livingston, Mont., is made entirely of horns of the elk—more properly called wapiti. These animals, like the others of the deer family, shed their horns once a year and grow new ones. The old horns are found in large numbers in the forests and are used for various commercial purposes.

IS TIME TO LINE UP

FOR THE POLITICAL FOOTBALL GAME IN 1904.

Tariff Is to Be the Issue, and Wobblers Must Decide Whether to Remain Republican or Join the American Free-Trade League.

The Free Trader (organ of the American Free-Trade league) for November says:

"Now and during the next two years is the time for the Free-Trade league to gain the opening ear of the people, to educate their intelligence and direct their growing indignation until they rise in their might and make an end of protection monopoly."

President Lamb in an "appeal" to the people invites the Republicans who are nursing the Iowa and other ideas to join the free traders in the battle against protection. He says:

"The true policy, the plain duty, of these reformers is to ally themselves with advocates of free trade. Free traders do not concern themselves with the past belief of the present opponents of the Dingley tariff, and they do not ask for any retraction. They welcome these dissatisfied protectionists; and what they do ask of them is, no matter what led them to support protection in the past, that they should now realize and declare that the time has come for them to advocate a change of policy."

How proud Gov. Cummins, Director of the Mint Roberts and their allies should be to be thus welcomed to the free trade camp! In one sentiment we must agree with Mr. Lamb; a man must be one thing or the other; there is no middle ground, no straddling. Any departure from the policy of the American system of protection is a step into free trade.

Free traders know that they cannot carry out their wishes to the full. They will only be too glad to break the ranks of their opponents, to conquer by dividing. This is the only hope they have of gaining a victory for their un-American cause. They do not insist on their opponents becoming pronounced free traders; they are satisfied to have them renounce protection in whole or in part, but they want them to stay "dissatisfied." As President Lamb says:

"The reason why free traders believe it important that all reformers of the tariff should renounce adhesion to protection is the same which leads them to believe that they, on their part, are right in consenting to the gradual steps proposed by dissatisfied protectionists, even while confident that better measures could be taken. The reason is that measures of reform, to be permanent, should secure a support from public opinion which shall be united and loyal. If tariff reform does not avow its intention of consistent progress toward free trade, it may succeed at the polls, as in 1892, but it is sure to fall in Congress, as it did in 1894, and to be undone as in 1897, and the work must all be done over again. The tariff reform movement failed because it was abandoned by the dissatisfied protectionists, who had supported it in 1890 and 1892."

This is the new free trade idea, and it is most acceptable. Let us be, as we must be, one thing or the other, free traders or protectionists. If the tariff is to be the issue for 1904, and the battle is to begin now, let us line up where we belong and as we believe. Those who want a commission, or revision, or reciprocity, or any of the cure-alls, are in line with the American Free Trade league, whether they want to acknowledge it or not. The proof of this is the fact that the league no longer calls upon the old guard of college professors for arguments, but contents itself by quoting from Cummings & Co.

So let us line up for the great game of 1904, and let us all be honest enough to get on the side where we belong and face the opponent's goal.

BABCOCK AND REVISION.

Triumph of Protection Over the Free Trade Idea.

Representative Babcock's interpretation of the meaning of the result of the recent election is ingenious, but not conclusive. "If," he says, "the Democrats had won the house it would have signified that the people want no tariff revision for the next two years, as it would have been impossible to accomplish anything in that direction with a Democratic house and a Republican Senate." The impossibility of securing a revision of the tariff with a Democratic House and Republican Senate is easily conceded, but nothing more. Had a Democratic House been elected Democrats would not have construed it as a rebuke to Democrats; Republicans could not have rejoiced in it as an indorsement, but it would have been universally regarded as a distinct encouragement to a free trade agitation. The people do not sustain and foster any set of national policies by voting the enemies of those policies a foothold in this government. They may some day measure up to such subtlety, but just now their procedure is the plain, straightforward one of voting for those whose policies they approve and against those whose policies they condemn. The issue of the campaign was not a deadlock between the two houses to prevent tariff revision by Republicans, but matters in controversy between the parties. No Republican anti-revisionist appealed to the people to elect a free trader for the purpose of preventing revision. The Republican victory, like all other Republican victories, is a triumph of the protection idea over the free trade idea. Tariff revision was the campaign issue only as the Democrats appeared as its champions, and Democratic tariff revision was voted down. The people voted for Republicans, not because they were revisionists, or because they were anti-revisionists, but because they were Republicans. Tariff revision by Republicans is a matter of schedules, not of principles. The schedules were not an issue at the last election. The people did not vote on them; they never thought of them. They are a matter for adjustment in party councils, or party caucuses, and not in national elections, and while the people did not vote for revision, as Mr. Babcock says they did, neither did they vote against it.—Pittsburg Gazette.

The Hunter Started Out.

He Finished "In."

PROTECTION'S UTILITY.

To Help Home Labor and Produce Treasury Revenues.

It appears very "ridiculous" to the Burlington Gazette "to base an argument in favor of a protective tariff on the presumption that it promotes prosperity." Has Burlington no taxes for itinerant merchants? Is there no sentiment in Burlington based on the presumption that the prosperity of the city is promoted by buying at home? Are the artisans and laborers of Burlington satisfied that it is all the same to them whether they do the work of Burlington or whether the orders are placed in Chicago or St. Louis?

Prosperity even for the few cannot long continue without employment for the many in productive industry. It is safe to say that Burlington people of the laboring class who are not working have poor credit at the stores. If conditions are such as to inforce idleness the loss of credit is expanded, and the loss of credit brings want, distress, business failure and panic. If things stop congestion follows, prices drop, money is locked up and the business of everybody is to make the worst of the situation.

The thing to do, if possible, is to keep the machinery going and the markets open. If there is plenty of work at a fair price prosperity is in the air. With opportunity to work abundant it is ridiculous to make argument against prosperity. How is labor to be well employed if left to nurse its shins and suck its thumbs? There must be work to do and remunerative wages. The presumption is that Burlington does not need to import labor for its steady jobs, and no more does the United States.

The protective policy is based on the presumption that it is wise to do as much of our own work as we can. Therefore in the business of raising revenue from imports the protective policy aims to give the advantage to home producers, to the end that our home labor may be prosperous. Protection promotes prosperity.—Sioux City Journal.

What Would Happen.

Any one of the great combinations that has to do with protected articles, if the protection is removed, will simply set itself to driving independent operators out of business until it has made a place for itself large enough to give it a profit under any and all conditions. There will not be a sign of trouble in the trust. But there will be a storm of bankruptcies on all sides of it. The outsiders will all go to the wall or they will go into the trust. That is the outlook in case of a Democratic Congressional victory this fall, and there is no way of escaping it except by a solid majority in favor of the prosperity of all instead of the prosperity of the few who would profit by a national panic.—Columbus Journal.

Palladium a Costly Metal.

Palladium is a metal used for the mounting of astronomical instruments and costs $482 a pound.

PHYSICIANS HAVE LONG LIFE.

Conclusive Proof That Hard Work Is Not Injurious.

It has often been said that it is not work but worry that kills. Perhaps no better exemplifications of the truth of the saying can be found than the number of hard-working physicians, occupied unceasingly with great problems in medicine, who have nevertheless lived to what may well be considered an advanced age, says the American Medical Journal. Virchow's long life of nearly eighty-one years of strenuous devotion to work, so recently closed, is only a type of the prolongation of existence and usefulness that has fortunately been the lot of some of the greatest of the medical investigators. Longevity has been the rule, however, not only for the laboratory worker who in the placid preoccupation of original observation avoided the distraction of mind and the diversion of activity incident on medical practice, but also for the man who is able to combine both successfully. In fact, while the average life of the practicing physician is the shortest of any of the professions, most of the great investigating practitioners have lived lives so long as to encourage every medical man to take up original observation, if with no other idea than that of assuring himself longevity.

MACKEY'S RULE IN BUSINESS.

Plan of Great Financier an Excellent One to Follow.

The late John W. Mackey, notwithstanding the multiplicity and magnitude of his business affairs, when he had fallen in death and his body had been buried in its mausoleum, those whose office it was to settle the status of his great business found that he did not owe a dollar to any man beyond the usual monthly current accounts for items of personal and household supply. He had out no notes payable, no unsettled balances in his commercial enterprises, none of those troublesome unliquidated claims that so frequently delay and decimate estates.

John W. Mackey had lived and done business strictly on the pay as you go plan. Because he had adhered to this policy from the commencement of his career he was able to leave behind a clean score, with an enormous balance on the right side. The incident is a strongly suggestive lesson to young men beginning in business careers. It is one easy to learn and sure to win.—Atlanta Constitution.

My Fleet.

My gallant bark sailed out at morn,
Out on the tide;
Fair blew the wind, serene the skies,
I laughed in pride.
The welcome waves like faithful friends
Rolled in its track;
The ship was Youth—I watched in vain,
It came not back.

Still brave of heart a second craft
I sent to sea,
Wealth, friends and honor from afar
To bring to me.
A passing captain spoke it once,
Such is report;
Though signaled off, my ship of Hope
Comes not to port.

Then, feeling deep, and anxious still
To do my best,
A loyal fleet with captains bold
Sailed to the west.
The big four-masters, "Industry,"
"Economy,"
"Ambition," "Fame," they, too, were
lost:
Alas for me!

But faith unmoved persuaded me
To try again,
And so the Ship of Love I sent
Across the main,
Quick the return and loaded deep
With charity;
Oh, happy ship, fitted to bear
Life's argosy!

—Edwin A. Schell in Outlook.

With Modern Improvements.

"Naw," said the owner of the "opry" house, "our folks won't stand for another blamed Uncle Tom show this year!"

"But they'll go broke to see mine, just the same," was the unabashed rejoinder of the U. T. manager. "Why, I've got my show right up to the times, I tell yer."

"Got six little Evas and a dozen Legrees, eh?"

"Better'n that, my boy; a long way past that. Just a sample: Eliza, chased by a lot of Filipinos on motor cycles, crosses the ice on a $10,000 automobile. Can you beat that?"

And as the owner had to admit he couldn't, that was why he took just one more U. T. show at the "opry" house.—Automobile Magazine.

Followed Natural Woodsman.

When President Roosevelt was on a turkey hunt in the neighborhood of Bull Run battlefield a couple of weeks ago he and a Mr. Hayden, with a guide, left the turkey run and plunged into a stretch of woodland. After they had walked some miles Mr. Hayden said to the guide: "You've lost your way." "Not a bit of it," was the reply. "Oh, yes, you have. The sun is in the southwest at this time of day and we should be going due east." Mr. Roosevelt said: "I always follow a man who steers in the woods by the sun or stars. I'll follow your leadership, Mr. Hayden." He did so and reached his destination in a bee line, to the guide's deep discomfiture.

A Hundred Years Without a Doctor.

Mr. Nathaniel Wright of Leake, near Boston, Lincolnshire (Eng.), has just completed his hundredth year, having been born in October, 1802. He has never been attended by a medical man and has never had a bottle of medicine in his life, and suffers from no bodily infirmity except failing eyesight. He is a non-smoker and takes no stimulants.

English Children in Berlin Schools.

Fifty-eight English children attend the public schools in Berlin.